

How to Swim.

There really is no mystery in learning to swim—an accomplishment which is possessed in perfection by the most stupid of frogs. More than once I have explained how any one can teach himself. The trunk, less the arms, is heavier than water; with the arms, it is lighter; all, therefore, that a person has to do is to acquire the habit of drawing in the breath when he is preparing to make a stroke, and expelling the breath when he is making it. Let any one do this and keep calm, and he will find that he can swim. But, perhaps, it is better to acquire confidence by a preliminary course of floating. To do this it is only necessary to lie flat on the water, stretch out the arms with the palms of the hands downward, throw back the head, and whenever the body sinks low, slowly to fill the lungs with air.—*London Truth.*

A Cute Trick.

Orpheus with his lute made trees and other objects dance at his pleasure, and a similar method of overcoming material difficulties seems to prevail in lodging houses in Queenstown. The difficulty of being in two places at once, like a bird, has been remarked on by an Irish metaphysician. Some other thinkers of the same race have been no less struck with the inability of two bodies to occupy the same space at the same moment. At Queenstown, whence emigrants start, the place which many bodies desire to occupy at the same given moment is a bed in a lodging-house. The difficulty has been overcome with singular ingenuity. In a report on overcrowding of emigrants, published by the board of trade, the method of creating a vacuum in bed is explained. As soon as the rooms in a lodging-house are full, and in that hour when sleep is sweetest to men, a fiddler is introduced. The fiddler (and, we presume, lasses) at once wake up and gallantly "take the fure," while a new set of emigrants jump into the vacated beds and sleep till the revellers are danced down. Then the new tenants of the bed are evicted, and they "take the fure" in their turn; the company thus alternately sleeping and dancing. This plan necessarily causes overcrowding, and would probably prevent the nervous from sleeping, and has other patent inconveniences. But there is something fatal about the method after all.—*London Daily News.*

Sheep and Improved Farming.

Sheep have played a most important part in the improvement of the soil in all civilized countries. At an early period, sheep were kept mostly for their wool in all countries; but as populations increased, and greater demand was made upon the soil to furnish food, mutton became the principal object of sheep farming, and wool the incident. During this transition state, skillful breeders made a long, careful, and practical study in improving the carcass and its early maturity. Instead of keeping sheep to their full age as breeders and producers of wool, the most persevering effort was made to mature them for a profitable market at the earliest date. This was done by judicious selections in breeding, and the most generous feeding. The sheep, like other animals, was found plastic in the hands of a skillful breeder and feeder. It was soon found that the improved Southdown and Cotswold could be fitted for the most profitable market at from six to fifteen months old, except those required for breeders, and these were most profitably turned at four to five years old, instead of at seven or ten years.

The consumption of mutton is increasing in this country, especially in our large cities, and it has become profitable to supply this demand. It is profitable, first, because the price is remunerative, and secondly, because it is promotive of good husbandry—the improvement of the soil.—*National Live-Stock Journal.*

Tanner, the Easter, Onions.

The details of a most marvelous case of protracted abstinence from food has just become fully known, though it has been going on in Forsyth, Ga., for about two months. Peter Cooley, a mulatto, hailing from Anderson, S. C., was arrested about June 1 in Monroe county on a charge of burglary and committed to jail to await his trial at the August term of court. He expressed his determination never to go to the chain gang, stating that he preferred to starve. He steadily refused food for weeks, as can be testified to by Sheriff C. A. King and Deputy Sheriff J. H. King, who has charge of the jail and sees to the feeding of the prisoners. He always refused to eat, and while it was then left in his cell the food was always found afterwards untouched.

He often begged Sheriff King to let him have a razor, under pretense of wanting to shave, and also asked the loan of his knife, but as Mr. King suspected his intention he was never allowed any kind of instrument. But he still adhered to his purpose of self-destruction, and after a month's total abstinence from food Mr. King called Dr. L. B. Alexander in to see the prisoner to ascertain his condition. He was found considerably reduced, but free from all symptoms of insanity, being, in fact, quite rational and intelligent. He reads and writes well, and is much above the average of his race. Mr. King and Dr. Alexander finally prevailed on him to sip a little milk punch, which he did under compulsion. But he has continued to resolutely refuse all food, and can be induced to taste only milk punch or wine occasionally.

Like Dr. Tanner, he drinks water freely, but outside of that he hasn't taken enough nourishment in over two months to keep an ordinary man alive three days. He has lost about sixty pounds of flesh, and is merely a skeleton. He cannot walk a step, and can only get up with assistance. When lying quiet he has the appearance of a dead man.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

A Western man in Washington, on reading that the President would give a general card reception on a certain evening, went to the White House with a new eucalyptus "deck." He was supremely disgusted on seeing his Excellency waste the entire evening in shaking hands with a lot of women and young dandies. He went to his Congressman finally for an explanation; but he was not mollified, and returned to his hotel condemning the stuck-up, nonsensical Eastern ways of doing things.

Heilbron's Husband.

The Viscount de la Panouse, husband of Mme. Heilbron, the actress, has adroitly managed to get the better of his bourse creditors. When the late crash took place, the couple were supposed to be utterly ruined. The viscount had lost \$500,000, and owed \$200,000 to stock-brokers. He at once gave out his departure for the cape, while the viscountess was to return to the stage during his absence. But she had no sooner sold their hotel to pay off some of their debts than a rat was smelt, and the viscount, who had made over everything to his wife, was found to be living like a fighting cock in a quiet little village in Auvergne. The stock-brokers forthwith sued him. His counsel, however, took advantage of the code, which admits certain bourse speculations to be illegal, and the court has non-suited the plaintiffs on that ground.

Why the Faro Bank Wins.

That is something that a great many clever men who play a great deal against faro do not know. It is not that there is a steady percentage in the bank's favor in the cases of "splits," but that the bank plays with the most money, that the bank always wins in the end. That is a simple enough proposition, but is seldom understood. A bank with \$25,000 cash has as many more chances of winning in the end the money of a player worth \$100 as the bank's capital is greater than the player's. The player can only lose his \$100 once; the bank can lose two hundred and fifty times before it has reduced its chances to the player's. In other words, the chances in favor of the bank, as quoted, in addition to the percentage on "splits," is two hundred and fifty to one. This is susceptible of absolute mathematical demonstration, yet will be read with amazement by many who occasionally buck the tiger. The ordinary player who goes with ten or twenty dollars to lose in a bank having \$100,000 to lose, can do a little Sunday morning work in figuring out his chances of beating the bank.—*San Francisco Call.*

The Early Attractions of a Western Village.

We heard a Western village praised very highly by a friend the other evening for the singular objects of curiosity which the town and its environs contained. "I saw," said he, "the tree on which six gamblers were hung at one and the same time. There was a 'hard set' out looking at the tree when I reached it. It was covered, lower limbs and all, with handbills. One was of a cock fight, which was to take place that night; another of a 'bull-dog match' that afternoon; and a third of a 'sparring mill' that was to come off between two professors of the 'manly art of self-defense.' I noticed at the tavern, where I 'put up,' a glass jar on a shelf over the fireplace, which contained what I took, at the first glance, to be a couple of pieces of preserved lemon or orange peel. 'What is that in that jar, landlord?' I asked. 'A couple of ears that were cut off in this very room, by two cowardly rascals, more than a year ago; and there they shall stay till the scoundrels see 'em. They can't disguise themselves so that I wouldn't know 'em, if they were ever to come in here and once look at them 'ere ears.' 'This was some years ago,' added our friend, 'and I am glad to hear that the place has now become a peaceful and orderly town.'—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

A Street Scene.

"My God, the child!" Wild and shrill this cry pierced the air, last evening, at the corner of Vine and Fourth streets. It was a woman's voice; the hoarse shouts of a carriage driver followed, the horses plunged and reared, a rush took place, and the little morsel of humanity was snatched from beneath the grinding hoofs by a woman's arms and brought in safety to the sidewalk. The frightened child was soothed and petted by her rescuer, who never gave a thought to those who were indebted to her for a life saved.

"Give me the child." Again it was a woman's voice, low and sweet but stern, and the mother snatched, rather than took, the little toddler from those arms which had proved so true and strong in the hour of need. The expression on the mother's face showed a conflict, a struggle between contempt and gratitude, a desire to thank her benefactor and snatch the baby from possible contagion. It was the look of the matron upon the outcast. It was the gaze of conscious virtue upon open vice.

The look was sufficient; a tear stole down the painted cheek; the mute look of an animal pleading for mercy came in the eyes of the erring sister, but met no reply, and the little girl was handed over to the mother, whose straight-laced virtue prevented her from thanking her preserver, as her tightly laced corsets had prevented her from attempting to save it.

"If you call on Mr. —, in the morning, he will reward you for your services," was the cold return the woman received. A look of intense agony overspread the features; the now empty hands were pressed tightly against a heart which was bitterly wounded, and the lady swept on, regardless of the few words which fell from the trembling lips, but which would have given food for reflection had they been heard.

"It's George's child." She had saved the life of the child of the man to whom she owed her fall, and his wife deemed contact with his victim scarcely preferable to death.

The whole episode was of but short duration; it was simply a short society drama which came near being a tragedy. Dramatis personae—a lost woman, a saved child, a virtuous matron, and an absent man, who has to answer before his God for a soul murdered, and a life wasted, for, as Shelley says: "No mercy now can clear her brow. For this world's peace to pray. For the sin forgiven by Christ in Heaven, By man is cursed away."

The poor woman arranged her dress, which had been torn in her heroic action, wiped the blood from her hand and arm, for not altogether scatheless had she passed through the ordeal, and went her way. It was nothing but a street scene, yet it conveyed the lesson that all that is bad is not worthless, and that the good at times might be a little better.—*The Drummer.*

Flowery Writing.

No one wants to read flowery writing nowadays. Common sense rules the pen. A poetic youth wanted to inform the prosaic world that there had been a fall of snow. "The angels rustled their wings at the hour when Aurora goes forth to fulfill her mission, and the earth was covered with a fleecy mantle of white." But the editor quietly dropped it into the waste-basket, and wrote instead: "Snow fell this morning." Here is an example, from a country paper, of the ambitious style of a weather paragraph: "After a long period of unsettled weather, it must have gladdened every one yesterday morning when the sun, with all his glorious brilliancy and splendor, shone forth, with golden rays scattering cloud and mist, and with his cheering beams and glowing smile causing the birds to sing, the trees of the forest to rejoice, and the flowers of the field to unfold themselves in bright array." Why not have simply stated that fine weather had at last set in? It was also a country brother who thus began a paragraph announcing the sudden demise of a local shoemaker: "We are being constantly reminded of the inexorability of death—the certain, and it may be sudden, visit of the angel with the amarantine wreath," as death is so beautifully designated by Longfellow—and it is our painful duty to-day to chronicle the melancholy fact that one who has played his part, and played it well in life, has passed through nature to eternity." No editor would pay a penny a line for that sort of thing in these enlightened times.

How Tarantulas Fight.

There was recently exhibited in Denver, for store exhibition, two full-grown tarantulas, one of the brown and the other of the black variety. The brown fellow was caged in a common cigar box and the black one in a glass jar. As they could not be exhibited to advantage in contrivances of this kind, and as they were not very pleasant company to have running about loose, a box almost two feet square with a glass top was procured, on the bottom of which a layer of sand was spread to make the animals feel at home. The cover was then drawn and the two spider pitched into it from their separate cages. No sooner did the one discover the other's presence than they rushed at each other as viciously as two panthers, and immediately closed in deadly embrace. They came together with a bound, and then twining their long hairy legs about each other rolled over and over in the sand, biting each other savagely, and then tugging with all their might as if endeavoring to crush each other by sheer muscular power. Incredible as it may seem, this sort of warfare was kept up for six hours, during most of which time it could not be seen that either was gaining the slightest advantage, as neither showed any sign of disposition to end the fight except by the death of his adversary. At last the black one succumbed and rolled over dead on the sand, while the victor immediately proceeded to reap the spoils of his long battle. Seizing his vanquished enemy in his stout horns, or pincers, or whatever contrivance he has for that purpose, he rapidly tore him limb from limb, and coolly proceeded, in true cannibalistic fashion, to make a meal of him. In a very short time nothing was left except a little pile of legs and pieces of shell to mark the spot where one tarantula had fallen and another had dined. *Denver Tribune.*

Complaints in regard to shallow and insufficient teaching are made in England as well as in America. The essential elementary branches are badly taught there as they are here. Handwriting, English and arithmetic, it is said, seem to be considered of no possible use to the pupil, but give them a smattering of Latin and Greek, and perhaps a little French and German, and they leave school as excellent scholars. A teacher writes to an English journal: "I have a pupil under me who has only recently left the town grammar school, at the age of 16, after several years as a day scholar, at from thirty to forty guineas a year, and I gather from him that writing was not a subject for teaching; English and grammar was occasionally referred to; and arithmetic was a home lesson. If the answers were right, all well and good, it did not matter how obtained; little or no working was required to be shown."

CLEANINGS.

A cable road is to be employed in drawing cars over the New York Brooklyn Bridge.

The Fall trade of New York commenced more than a fortnight earlier than last year.

Since those whom the gods love die young, *Puck* thinks that the gods cannot love Spring chickens.

The present population of Russia is 145,000,000, having increased rapidly since 1870, when it was about 85,500,000.

Mark Twain remarks that all we need to possess the finest navy in the world is ships—for we have plenty of water.

It will require several years yet to complete the Washington monument. The entire cost is estimated at \$3,000,000.

It is proposed to erect an equestrian statue of General Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe, at one of the gates of Circle Park, Indianapolis.

Turkish wheat, which was introduced into Kansas two years ago, is in great demand for milling at Minneapolis, whither shipments are being made.

For the first time in its history no liquor is sold in Louisville, the old capital of Georgia, or in the county of Jefferson.

A veteran of Waterloo, who was one of the party that fired over the grave of Sir John Moore, has just died a pauper in a London workhouse.

There are at present 59,000 Pennsylvanians living in Kansas, 107,000 Suckers, 77,000 Hoosiers, and 93,000 Buckeyes.

An English authority on good manners says: "It is inadmissible to speak of lunch—a person of any pretensions to good breeding would call it luncheon."

It is stated that Levy, the cornetist, gets more salary than an editor. He does, and it isn't fair. We know lots of editors who are bigger blowers than Levy.—*Lynn Bee.*

Lady Habberton's now celebrated divided skirt, introduced into London last season, is worn in the English mountain regions by the most fearless lady climbers.

An obituary notice in a Mormon paper in Salt Lake city closes touchingly: "He leaves nine widows and thirty-eight children to mourn his irreparable loss."

A philosopher says: "The man who laughs is the sympathetic man." It is astonishing how many sympathizers a man has when he sits down and hurts himself.

Josh Billings' two springs in the White Mountains are in excellent condition, and over the cup of the one near Emerald Pool is the legend, "Tak a drink, mi friend, but don't tak the cup. Yurs, without a struggle, Josh Billings."

The spring water sold in Boston is from little mineral springs in the suburbs. Many little establishments have sprung up in Boston for its sale. The water is first aerated and then sold at 2 cents a glass.

The Church of England is said to receive rents from more public houses than any brewer's firm in the country. On the premises of the Archbishop of Canterbury himself is a public house whose revenues from the sale of liquor are £10,000 a year.

The British Museum has acquired 138 volumes of Oriental manuscripts dating from 959 to 1045. They consist of Arabic commentaries on the Bible, written by Karate Jews; of Karate and Rabbinate liturgies and hymns, and of various polemic and other treatises.

The Hon. Trenor W. Park, of North Bennington, Vt., has bought a mansion and extensive grounds in that town which he proposes to convert into a home for destitute children and infirm women. He will endow the institution with half a million dollars. The Boston Herald says that this act will do much to soften some of the hard things which have been said about Mr. Park in the past in connection with politics and railroads.

A member of the Quebec Legislature receives \$800 a year for his services. The reduction of this salary to \$500 is being agitated by some of the Canadian newspapers. A New York legislator receives \$1,500 per annum, and frequently manages to double that amount before the session is over.

A letter from Montana says: "Helena has developed into a lawful and quiet city. It has none of the shooting and hurrahs of olden times, and which characterize the younger towns of the Territory. The variety theatre, which is liberally supported in newer towns, will not subsist here."

Tradition says that beer was first made at Pelusium on the Nile, 400 B. C.; but now-a-days only a crude kind of barley beer is made by the natives in Egypt. There is, however, a brewery in Cairo, owned by a Geneva company, and worked on the German system, which can turn out 400 barrels a week.

At the meeting of the Free Thinkers' Association at Watkins, N. Y., Courtland Palmer, of Pennsylvania, delivered a lecture in which he urged the adoption of a new calendar, to date from 1,600 A. D., at which time Bruno was burned by the inquisition at Rome for declaring that there were other worlds than ours.

According to a native Japanese paper, the picturesque old junk which have so often figured in stories and pictures of maritine life in the far East are rapidly disappearing, at least as far as Japan is concerned. Shipbuilding in Japanese style is so far giving place to foreign construction that by and by there will be no such thing as a junk except in paintings.

The sins of "Chinatown," San Francisco, are summed up in one month's record of arrests, to-wit: Visitors to tan games, 85; keeping lottery agencies, 14; visitors to lottery places, 17; having lottery tickets in possession, 13; keeping opium places, 3; visitors to opium places, 26; battery, 2; obstructing sidewalk, 1; total, 161. Of these, 41 were sent to the County Jail and 2 to the House of Correction. Cash received from fines, \$2,279.

The farmers of the Deerfield valley region, Massachusetts, to the number of about 1,200, climbed to the summit of Mt. Pocumtuck recently, to shake hands with Governor Long, who then for the first time visited that part of the State. That mountain was named twenty-seven years ago by a party of students from Amherst and Williams Colleges, among whom was James A. Garfield.

In Merchantville, N. J., a magistrate fined a boy \$1 for swearing. This furnishes a basis for calculation to a brother of Colonel Sellers, who lives in Camden. He reckons that in Camden County there are 70,000 people, half of whom swear. That would be \$35,000 for an oath apiece. Each fellow swears fifty times a day. That makes \$1,750,000 daily income, \$12,250,000 per week, and, counting twenty-five good working days to the month \$318,500,000 each month.

Perhaps Victor Hugo does no more kissing than any other old gentleman, but it seems that way because he is not able to kiss without the world knowing it. He has been kissing the female dry-goods clerks from Boston who are making a European trip for their summer vacation. The correspondent writes that while this extensive osculation was going on a French lady whispered, "It is charming," and all the company breathed a "bravo" in an awed undertone.

Mrs. Lohmeyer, of Philadelphia, had no children, although both she and her husband wanted some. She procured from the poor-house an infant, which she persuaded her husband to believe was their own. He afterward discovered the trick, forgave his wife, and was happy to adopt the child. The affair had made him famous, however, and wherever he went some one was sure to point him out as the man who had to buy a baby. Lohmeyer couldn't stand the ridicule and took the baby back to the poor-house.

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